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Accessions
151,444

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A Most Pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouse*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was acted before the Kings *Maiesty*, at White-hall on Shroue-sunday night.

By his Highnesse Seruants, vsually *playing at the Globe*.

Anon.

Very delectable, and ful of conceited mirth

LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Wright*, and are to bee sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible. 1619.

151.444
May. 1873

The Prologue.

MOst ſacred Maieſty, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy ſubiect *England*, nay, the world admires:
Which, Heauen grant ſtill increaſe, O may your praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your fame ſtill raiſe:
Embrace your Councel: Loue, with Faith them guide
That both as one bench, by the others ſide.
So may your life paſſe on, and run ſo euen;
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angells ſhall your guardians be
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtain'd with periury:
And as the Night's inferior to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your boſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our paſtime your contentment finde.

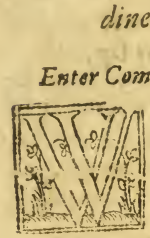
Exit.

Tenne persons may easily play it.

The King, and Romelo,	*for one.*
King Valentia.	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia.	*for one.*
Anselmo.	*for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon.	*for one.*
Segasto a Noble man.	*for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man.	*for one.*
Comedie, a boy, an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines maid.	*for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Messenger.	*for one.*
Mouse the Clowne.	*for one.*

A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Son of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.



Hy so, thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:
Comedy play thy part and please;
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles I hope to make you laugh
Sound forth *Bellona's* siluer tuned strings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy his armes naked besmered with blood.

Env. Nay stay Minion stay, there lies a blocke:
What, all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your musick with a Tragicke end.

Com. What monstrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish Curre besmear'd with gory blood,
That seem'st to check the blossome of Delight,
And stifle the sound of sweet *Belona's* breath:
Blush monster blush, and post away with shame?
That seek'st disturbance of a Goddesse name.

Env. Post hence thy selfe thou counterchecking Trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wished port:
I'l thunder Musicke shall appale the Nimps,
And make them shiuer their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish Caues.

Sound Drummes within and cry stab, stab.

Hearken thou shalt heare noyse,
Shall fill the Aire with shrilling sound?

And thunder Muſicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A Peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Enuies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke, *Enuy* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their blood.
To ſpurne at Armes and Legs quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a Womans minde;
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloody, enuious, diſdainer of mens ioyes:
Whoſe name is fraught with bloody ſtratagems;
Delights in nothing but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou maiſt trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands.
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treats naught elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, begone; tender the ſuite of me.

Enu. Why ſo I will: forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make the mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
VVhirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of blood:
This will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee.
And more, to vexe thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuy and with Hate.

Com.

Com. Then vgly Monster doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou think'st with Tragicke fumes
To proue my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not I scorne what thou canst doe:
I'le grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,
From tragicke fluffe to be a pleasant Comedy.

Enu. VVhy then Comedy send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And I'le defend them mauger all thy spight:
So vgly fiend farwell, till time shall serue,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Enu. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe spread my branch
And scattered Blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monsters, spoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo? *Ansel.* My Lord and Friend.
Whose deere affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere disloyalty shall roote it forth,
But Faith plaint firmer in your choyce respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: (ship,
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'st that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay.
Excelling, not excel'd: yet least Report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with Desire: thither I'le straight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ans. Will you forsake *Valencia*? leaue the Court?

Absent

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Doe not ſweet Prince aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſwaſion,
My reſolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſſiſt what I intend.
Anſ. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a frosty deaw vpon that Beard,
Whoſe front *Valentia* ſtoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magick charme thy triuiall phraſe,
Waſted as vainely as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwers; locke thy lippes,
Vnleſſe thy wiſdome ſuite me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſ. That action craues no councell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then beſt vſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition.
A more obſcure ſeruile habilament
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſ. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke.*
Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on an humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. Within my Cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though baſe the weed is, twas a Shepheards,
Which I preſented in Lord *Iulios* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habite ſuites my minde, fetch me that weed.
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kings, haue not diſdain'd that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their Mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepheards Coate.
So, let our reſpect commaund thy ſecrecy,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*
Anſ.

Anſ. Proſperitie forerunne thee: Auckward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouſe with a bottle of hay.

Mou. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcar'd out of his ſeauen ſenſes? A Beare? nay ſure it cannot be a Beare, but ſome Diuell in a Beares doublet: for a Beare could neuer haue had that agility to haue frighted me. Well Ile ſee my father hanged before Ile ſerue his horſe any more: Well Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers horſe turne Puritane and obſerue Faſting dayes, for hee gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye to her, I will take hands with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſteppe backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runnes away, and leaues his bottle of hay behind him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. O flye Maddam, flye, or elſe we are but dead.

Am. Help *Segaſto*, help, help ſweet *Segaſto*, or elſe I dye.

Segaſto runnes away.

Seg. Alas Maddam, there is no way but flight,
Then haſt and ſaue your ſelfe.

Am. Why then I dye, Ah helpe me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard with a Sword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muc. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmaid,
That cruell beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
That hath bereaued thouſands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His carkaſſe now lies headleſſe voyd of breath.

Am. That foule deformed monſter is he dead?

Muc. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof behold his head:

Which if it pleaſe you Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſty.

Am. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thouſand times,
This guift aſſure thy ſelfe contents me more,
Then greateſt bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muc. Moſt gracious Goddeſſe more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.

Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt,
My Father heere is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely Daughter am,
And after him ſole heyre vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my Fathers will,
To marry me vnto *Segaſto*,
One whoſe wealth through Fathers former Vſury,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull,
We both of cuſtome oftentimes did vſe,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields,
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entred were within theſe luckleſſe woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepfall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hie him faſt,
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good Shepheard but ſuppoſe the ghaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thouſand woes,
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtain'd.

Muc. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes reuiue.

Am. Beleeue me Shepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.

Muc. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content,
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segaſto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.
Muc. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leaue ſo braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoyle.
Am. Well Shepheard for thy worthy valour tryed,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenced ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainely knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne;
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous Beaſt
In open ſight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away, and guard me to the Court.
Muc. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes doe houer ouer head,
'Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And of inſuing harmes to chooſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot and Caitiue-like accurſt,
At whoſe proceedings fortune euer frownes:
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt,
The more by proofe I finde my ſelfe accurſt.
Erewhiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight her fury doe eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

VVill she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing mee of meere disloyalty,
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when shee in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride, *Segasto* help,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath.
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue then happy I,
Shee will in time forgiue and so forget:
Amadine is merc full, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running, crying clubs.

Mo. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares and nothing but Beares,
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clo. O sir, she is run downe the woods,
I saw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkst of wonders to tell me of white Beares,
But sirrah, didst thou euer see any such?

Clo No faith, I neuer saw any such:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clo. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serue my fathers great horse, and carryed a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you see sir, I fast hadwinckt that I could see nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes beside my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me sirrah: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer saw a Beare go a milking in all my life. But harke you sir, I did not looke so high as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head and her white belly.

Seg.

Seg. But tell me sirrah: where dost thou dwell?

Clo. Why, doe you not know me?

Seg. Why no, how should I know thee?

Clo. Why then you know no body, and you know not mee: I tell you sir, I am good-man Rats sonne of the next parish ouer the hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats son, whats thy name?

Clo. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name? I haue a very petty name. Ile tell you what my name is: My name is *Mouse*.

Seg. VVhat, plaine *Mouse*?

Clo. I, plaine *Mouse*, without eyther welt or guard. But doe you heare sir, I am a very young Mouse, for my taile is scarce growne out yet: looke here else.

Seg. But I pray you, who gaue you that name?

Clo. Faith sir I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great horse, for hee hath beene halfe a yeare longer with my father then I haue beene.

Seg. This seemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry Master makes.
How saist thou sirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo Nay soft sir, two words to a bargaine. Pray you what Occupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Master for me. Why do you thinke that I am so mad to go seeke my liuing in the lands amongst the flores, briers and bushes, and teare my holiday-apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Seg. VVhy, I doe not meane thou shalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg VVhy thou shalt be my man, and waite on me at Court.

Clo. VVhat is that? *Seg.* VVhere the King lies.

Clo. VVhat is that King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man as thou art.

Clo As I am: hark you sir, pray you what kin is he to good-man King of our Parish the Churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land,

Clo. King of the Land, I neuer saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him euery day.

Clo. Shal I go home again to be torne in pieces with beares? No not I, I will goe home and put on a cleane shirt, and then go drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heeres my hand, I'le dwell with you: And harke you sir, now you haue entertained mee, I will tell you what *I* can doe: *I* can keepe my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, *I* warrant you, as well as euer you had man in your life.

Seg. Now will *I* to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts; if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy *I*: yea happy *I* if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a young Prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellors.

King. Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest;
It vs behoues to vse such clemency in peace,
As valour in the Warres:
It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As Conquerors in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,
We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue,
Our Daughter vnto Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,
And raigne heereafter as *I* tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Arragon*.
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiesty, wee doe not onely allow of your Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* liue,
He will at full requite your courtesies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone*, a Prince
Lately our Prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ransome shall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while doe vse him well his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Maiesty, his vsage shall be such,
As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*

Ki. Then march we on to Court and rest our wearied limbs,
But *Colin*, *I* haue a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watchword from thy King,
Thinke then some waighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Colin* looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery poynt
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.

Col. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde *I* gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how doe you like your weapons?

Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins well do they not?

Clo. How, keepe the dogs from my shins, *I* would scorne but
ny shinnes should keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. Well sirrah, leauing idle talke, tell me,
)ost thou know Captaine *Tremelios* Chamber?

Clo. I very well, it hath a dore.

Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery Chamber;
ut dost thou know the man?

Clo. I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* Thats more then *I* know

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was heere
th the King, that brought the young Prince Prisoner?

Clo. O very well.

Seg. Goe to him and bid him come vnto me:
ll him *I* haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clo. I will Maister. Maister what's his name?

Seg.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?
Clo. O, the Mealeman: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday: But harke you master,
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?
Seg. No sirra, he must come to mee.
Clo. Harke you Master, If he be not at home,
What shall I doe then?
Seg. Why then leaue word with some of his folkes.
Clo. O Master, if there be no body within,
I will leaue word with his dog.
Seg. Why, can his dog speake?
Clo. I cannot tell, wherfore doth he keepe his chamber else?
Seg. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.
Clo. Nay by Lady, then goe your selfe.
Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?
Clo. Yes marry will I. O 'tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you.
Seg. VVhat, will you plucke downe the Kings house?
Clo. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.
Master, it is such a hard name I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.
Seg. I tell thee Captaine *Tremelio*.
Clo. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me?
Clo. You must come to my Master, Captaine treble knaue.
Tre. My Lord *Segasto* did you send for mee?
Seg. I did *Tremelio*. Sirra about your busines.
Clo. I marry, what's that, can you tell?
Seg No not well.
Clo. Marry then I can, straight to the Kitchin-dresser to *Ioh*
the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beefe and Bre wis an
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Iacke
Beere: and there for an houre Ile so belabour my selfe, a
therefore I pray you call mee not till you thinke I haue don
pray you good master. *Exit.*
Seg. VVell sir away.
Tremelio, this it is, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours :
Neuer daunted at any time : but now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court for worthineſſe,
And *Segaſtoes* honor laid aſide :
My will therefore is this, that thou doſt finde ſome meanes to worke the Shepheards death ; I know thy ſtrength ſufficient to performe my deſire, and to loue no otherwiſe then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accompliſh'd what I take in hand.
Seg. thankes good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelfe,
What I promiſe, that I will performe.
Tre. Thankes good my Lord : And in good time,
See where hee commeth : ſtand by a while,
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man,
Turne Coward turne : now ſtrke and doe thy worſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, ſpare him, kill him not :
Accurſed villaine, tell me, what haſt thou done ?
Ah *Tremelio*, truſty *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou liuing didſt proue faithfull to *Segaſto*,
So *Segaſto* now liuing, will honur the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge,
Blood thirſty villaine, borne and bred in mercileſſe murther,
Tell me, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the leaſt of mine ?
Aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muc. Segaſto ceaſe, theſe threats are needleſſe,
Accuſe me not of murther, that haue done nothing,
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reaſon not with me,
I'le manifeſt thy fact vnto the King :
Whoſe doome will be thy death, as thou deſeru'ſt.
What hoe : *Mouſe* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clo. Why is he drunke? can hee not ſtand on his feet.

Seg. No he is not drunke, hee is ſlaine.

Clo. Flaine? no by Lady he is not flaine.

Seg. He's kil'd, I tell thee, (no longer.

Clo. What doe you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerue you

Seg. *I* tell thee the Shepheard kill'd him.

Clo. O did hee ſo: But Maiſter I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away. *Seg.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clo. Come then *I* will helpe: Maſſe maiſter, I thinke his mother ſung loobie to him, he is ſo heauy. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, neuer at one.
Sometime we feed on fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, wee feele the heat of extreame miſeries,
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey.
To morrow thoſe faueurs will turne to frownes.
To day *I* liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bre. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſildome doth befall,
What not one? then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* ſtrength?
Who like a King commands within theſe woods,
The Beare, the Boare, dare not abide his ſight,
But haſt away to ſaue themſelues by flight.
The Chriſtall waters in the bubling Brookes,
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away.
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder banks,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath do bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way elſe *I* would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes here, with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me, and doth not die the death? not one,
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdy ſticke to thoſe
That heere within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage *I* wander through theſe woods
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoyles,
For here *I* ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one: then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepheard and the Clowne with others.

Kin. Shepheard, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.
Mu. Dread Soueraigne I muſt needs confeſſe:
I ſlue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning,
Seg. Words will not here preuaile,
I ſeeke for iuſtice and iuſtice craues his death.
Kin. Shepheard thine owne confeſſion hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution ſtraight.
Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare Maſter King: he is kin to a Monkie,
His neck is bigger then his head.
Seg. Come ſirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.
Clo. Yes forſooth I warrant you: come ouſi ſirra:
A, ſo like a Sheepe-biter a lookes,

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Am. Dread Soueraigne, and wellbeloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed
daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue mainetained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King,
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now,
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Am. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs, downe a steepe-fast Hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credite of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty, *King.* How then?

Am. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he ment to swallow vs both at once:
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour insident,
But in *Segastoes* vallour, I grew desperate:
And he most Coward-like began to fly,
Left me distrest to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd, distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes;
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which *I* present vnto your

Kin. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Seg.

Seg. The slaughter of a man deserues great blame.
Kin. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.
Seg. Tremelio in the wars, (O King) preserued thee,
Am. The Shepheard in the woods (O King) preserued me.
Seg. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Am. So would the Shepheard had he beene in field.
Clo. So would my Maister, had he not runne away.
Seg Tremelioes force saued thousands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepheards force hath many thousands moe.
Clo. A yee shipstickes nothing else.
Kin. Segasto cease to accuse the Shepheard,
His worthinesse deserues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good.
Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,
So shall my sentence stand for thou shalt die.
Seg. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Kin. But soft *Segasto* not for this offence;
Long maist thou liue and when the sisters shall decree,
To cut in twaine the twisted third of life,
Then let him die, for this *I* set him free,
And for thy vallour *I* will honour thee.
Thankes to your Maiesty.
Kin. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy vallour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clo. O Maister heare you you haue made a fresh hand now,
I thought you would beshrow you: what will you do now?
You haue lost me a good Occupation by the meanes:
Faith Maister now *I* cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take the paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exercise.
Seg. You are still in your knauery:
But sith *I* cannot haue his life,
I will procure his banishment for euer: come on Sirra.
Clo. Yes forsooth, *I* come: laugh at him *I* pray you. *Exeunt*

Enter Mucedorus solus

Muc. From *Amadine*, and from her fathers Court,
With gold and siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banckes of gold and treasuree.

More may I boast and say: but I
Was neuer Shepheard in such dignity.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All haile worthy Shepheard.

Clo. All raine lousie Shepheard.

Mu. Welcome my friends from whence come you,

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court -
Shepheard be gon.

Clo. Shepheard take law-legges, flye away Shepheard.

Mu. Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine*:

Mes. I from *Amadine.* *Clo.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Mu. Ah luckless fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blisse is now become my bale.

Clo. What wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clo. The worst ale-huuse that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. What shall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hang thy selfe?

Mu. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command
To banish the Shepheard from her fathers Court?

Mes. What should Shepheards doe in the Court?

Clo. What should Shepheards doe among vs?
Haue wee not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. Why Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Mes. Shepheards are men and Masters ouer their flocke.

Clo. That's a lie; who payes them their wages then?

Mes. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:
But you were best to looke to him, least you hang for him
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for company.
For leauing me alone.
Shepheard stand forth and heare my sentence. (sure,
Shepheard begone within three daies, in paine of my displea-
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard be gone, be gone, be gone, be-
gone, Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

[illegible] goe: and must *I* needs depart?

Yee goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse,
Yee wholoseme hearbs and sweet smelling sauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man:
Change, change, your wonted course,
That *I* wanting your ayde, in wofull sort may dye.

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maide.

Am. Ariena, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call? *Exit.*

Am. Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou dost.

Mu. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Am. Shepheard although thy banishment already
Be decreed and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:
I double death to me: but since I must depart one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in absence eyther farre or neere,
You honour me as Seruant to your name.

Am. Not so. *Muc.* And why?

Am. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Am. Shepheard it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banish-
Mu. Vnworthy wights are more in iealousie. (ment.

Ama. would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Mu. Amen I say to haue your company.

Am. Well Shepheard, sith thou suffereſt thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepheard thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Am

Am. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but only thee.

Mu. Thankes worthy Princesse: I burne likewise,
Yet smother vp the blast.
I dare not promise what I may performe.

Am. Well Shepheard, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done I will returne to thee,
Doe thou thereore appoynt t he place
Where we may meete.

Muc. Downe in the Valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a fayre broad branched Beech,
That ouershades a Well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Am.* I like it well.

Mu. Now if you please you may appoynt the time.

Am. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.

Mu. The thankes that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Am. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*

Mu. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segastos* honour wonne.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Maister.

Clo. What, hoe maister, will you come away?

Seg. Will you come hither I pray you, what is the matter?

Clo. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?

Seg. How then sir?

Clo. I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Here's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?

Seg. I pray you sir, what newes of the Messge I sent you about?

Clo. I tell you all the messes be on the Table already.

There

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre ago.

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly, You haue forgotten what *I* bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, *I* know nothing, but you bad me go to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith *I* haue forgotten it, the very scent of the meate hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand *I* bid you doe.

Clo. What Arrand, an arrant knaue, or an arrant whore?

Seg. Why thou knaue, did *I* not bid thee banish the Shepheard?

Clo. O the Shepheards Bastard.

Seg. *I* tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

Clo. *I* tell you the Shepheards Bastard shall be well kept, *I*le looke to it my selfe: but *I* pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished him or no?

Clo. Why *I* cannot say banishment, if you would giue me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you whorson slaue, haue you forgotten that *I* sent you and another to driue away the Shepheard?

Clo. What an Asse are you, heers a stirre indeed: heeres Message, Arrant, Banishment, and *I* cannot tell what.

Seg. *I* pray you sir, shall *I* know whether you haue droue him away?

Clo. Faith *I* thinke *I* haue, and you will not beleiue me aske my staffe.

Seg. Why, can thy staffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me to.

Seg. Then happy *I* that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier *I* if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come firra, follow me.

Clo. *I* warrant you, *I* will not loose an inch of you now you are going to dinner: *I* promise you *I* thought seauen yeares before *I* could get him away.

Enter Amadine sola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence;
My *Mucedorus* surely stayes for me,

And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned loue,
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make but I must match:
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choyse is all in all.
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what, me thinkes the Shepheard is not come;
I muse at that, the houre is at hand:
Well heere *I* le rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about hastily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey, now *Bremo* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood;
Come fight with me, *I* long to see thee dead.
Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot wield,
Bre. VVhat canst not fight? then lye thee downe and dye.
Am. What must *I* dye?
Bre. What needs these words, *I* thirst to suck thy blood.
Am. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.
Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,
And teare thy body peecemeale ioynt by ioynt.
Am. Ah now *I* want my Shepheards company.
Bre. Ile crush thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.
Am. Haste Shepheard haste, or else thou com'st too late
Bre. Ile suck the sweetnesse from thy marrow-bones.
Am. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.
Bre. With this my Bat *I* will beat out thy braines:
Downe downe *I* say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.
Am. Then *Mucedorus* farewell; my hoped ioyes farewell.
Yea farewell life and welcome present death; *She kneeles.*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghost.
Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part:
How now; what sodaine chance is this?
My Limbes doe tremble, and my sinewes shake;

My vnweakened Armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foyle hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt affraid
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage failes when *I* ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come Spirit abiding in my breaſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, doe not kill;
Shall *I* ſpare her that neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinkes *I* ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Am. Faine would *I* liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as *I* ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th'appoynted time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well heere *I*le ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, 'tis good to doubt the worſt;
Therefore *I*le be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a ſtir indeed: here came hue after the Crier; & *I* was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers: Now sirrah, I had taken the maidenhead of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: well Ile see, masse I cannot see him yet: well Ile looke a little further; Masse he is a little slaue if a be heere: why herees no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot, I marry theres the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft heere she comes

Enter the old Woman.

Old Wo. Come you knaue, where's my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot? I know what Ile say.

Old. Why what wilt thou say?

Clo. But say I haue it and thou darst.

Old. Why thou knaue thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clo. You lie like an old; I will not say whore.

Old. Dost thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dares:

Search me whether I haue it or no.

Shee searcheth him, and hee drinketh ouer her head, and casteth downe the Pot, she stumbleth at it: then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her pot and runne out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O Flies Maister, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O heere Maister, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest, I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why Maister, I haue kild a dung-cart full at the least.

Seg. Go to sirra, leaue this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares.

Not

Not an you were ten Maisters.

Seg. Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not bee made a Curtall for no mans plea-sure.

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say.

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your selfe it is more then I can doe: Why doe you think I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head, I should reare a Towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable and make a priuy search,
For the Shepheard is run away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the Kings Daughter, or is the Kings Daughter run away with the Shepheard.

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she to runne away with the Shepheard; why I thinke *I* am a little handsomer man then the Shepheard my selfe: but tell me Maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie.

Seg. Why dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then search euery where,
Leaue no place vnsearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in Office: now will I to that old Fire-brands house, and will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done Ile let out all the rest, to see if hee be not hid in the Barrell; and if I finde him not there Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearchd ifaith, yee old Crust *I* will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Barackius with others.

King Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment,
Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates
Set to a sicke man, which rather cloy then comfort:
Let me intreat you to intreat no more *Musicke*

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there. *ceaseth.*

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturbd, are embers turnd,

Which sodaine gleame with molestation,
But sooner loose their sight for't.
'Tis gold bestowd vpon a Rioter,
Which not relieues, but murders him.
'Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle Acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus I* shall see againe,
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

Ans. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee speake that thrice,

Ans. The Prince your Sonne is safe.

King Va. O where *Anselmo*, surfet me with that.

Ans. In *Arragon* my Liedge, and at his parting,
Bound my secresie
By his affectious loue not to disclose it;
But care of him, and pitty of your Age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breast vowd concealement.

King Va. Thou not deceiu'st me,
I euer thought thee what I find thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what desire, or young-fed humor
Nurst within his braine,
Drew him so priuately to *Arragon*?

Ans. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull iealousie,
Whether report guilded a worthlesse Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deseru'd her high extolement.

King Va. See our prouision be in readinesse,
Collect vs followers of the comeliest hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Christall eye of Heauen shal not thrice wincke,
Nor the greene Floud sixe times his shoulders turne,
Till we salute the *Arragonian* King.
Musicke speake loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Muc. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy natiue Soyle.
Or trie some long abode within these woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home.
What high me home said *I*? that may not be,
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there and seat thy selfe thereon:
And when thou feelst thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come Habite thou art fit for me, *He disguiseth*
No Shepheard now, an Hermite must *I* be, *himselfe.*
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some grauity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who haue we heere? what art thou?

Muc. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muc. *I* tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a Solitary life within these woods?

Clo. O *I* know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one piece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muc. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings Daughter,
Run away with a Shepheard.

Muc. A stray Kings daughter run away with a Sheyheard, wherefore, canst thou tell?

Cl-

Clo. Yes that *I* can, 'tis this; my Maister and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer theſe Woods then they were vſed, (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare, now my Maiſter plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes mee a Shepheard and hee ſtrikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no *I* cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and ile kill them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the Shepheard, and for good will ſhees euen run away with the Shepheard.

Muc. What manner of man was he, canſt deſcribe him vnto me,

Clo. Scribe him, ay *I* warrant you that *I* can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, wel-fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muc. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if *I* chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall *I* finde you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Maiſter *Mouſe.*

Muc. Oh Maiſter *Mouſe*, *I* pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry ſir, *I* am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clo Nay *I* ſay Ruſher, and *I*'le proue mine Office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea or ſo, and a Dog chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a whip *I* giue him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore *I* am a Ruſher: a high Office *I* promiſe yee.

Muc. But where ſhall *I* finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is beſt being, either in the Kitchin eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, *I* will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember Mr. *Mouſe.* *Exit.*

Muc. Ay ſir, *I* warrant *I* will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*; what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhee cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubleſſe ſhe hath loſt her ſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandring too and fro ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which yet she cannot finde, therfore will I seeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Am. As like the woods of *Bremo's* cruelty:
Though *I* were dumbe and could not answer him,
The Beasts themselues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy sauage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Bre. Haue *I* not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kisse me (sweet) for all my fauours past.

Am. *I* may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flies away from me,
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Deny my Loue, a Worme of Beauty:
I will chastise thee: come, come.
Prepare thy head vpon the Block.

Am. O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lyon, or the Beare:
And like a Woolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a Chaplet made of Iuory.
And make the Rose and Lilly wait on thee:
*I*le rend the burley Branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees shall spread themselues where thou dost goe,
And as they spread, *I*le trace along with thee.

Am. You may, for who but you.

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
With Black-birds, Larkes, Thrushes and Nightingales.
Thy drinke shall be Goats Milke and Christall water,
Distilling from the Fountaines and the cleerest Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods affoord,
I'le freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Am. You may, for who but you.
Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my Loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.
Am. One may, so may not you
Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nimps shall attend on thee,
And lull thee asleepe with Musicke sound
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Queene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine*,
Am. You may, for who but you.
Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strowed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vppon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart and how to rouse the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Am. You may for who but you.

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome sir, an houre agoe I look't for such a guest:
Be merry wench wee'le haue a frolicke feast,
Heer's flesh enough for to suffice vs both:
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?
Mu. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wantst a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.
Mu. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.
Am. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him.
Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.
Mu. Yet giue me leaue to speake.
Bre. Thou shalt not speake.
Am. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.
Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer-long.
Mu. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts,
Did leade their liues in loathsome Celles and Woods,

And wholy gaue themſelues to witleſſe will:
A rude vnruly route then man to man became
A preſent prey, then might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to walls:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſſe vnto reaſon brought,
Who led by Reaſon, ſoone forſooke the woods,
In ſtead of Caues, the built them Caſtles ſtrong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Waying their former wickedneſſe,
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for to heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doſt now,
Wild in Wood, addicted all to ſpoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne
From murther, blood-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Am. Hold *Bremo* hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Amu. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, *I* meane no leſſe.

Am. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bre. I did, *I* meane no leſſe.

Am. Then ſaue this Hermites life, for hee may ſaue vs both.

Bre. At thy requeſt I le ſaue him, but neuer any after him.
Say Hermite what canſt thou doe?

Mu. I'le wayte on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene:
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come sirs, what, shall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. I haue been through the woods and through the woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

Ru. Why I see a thousand Emmets, thou meanst a little one.

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maister turne him away.

Seg. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. I thinke he was, for he said he did lead a Saltsellers life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldst say, a solitary life about the wood.

Clo. I thinke so it was indeed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouse*, how did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head, And a staffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought so, hee was a Hermite that walked a solitary life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Ru Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to sleepe.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faith I care not, for I know I shall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo* thou shalt goe in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee will meet both together in the midst.

Ru. Content lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. Vnknowne to any heere within these woods,
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I lead my life:
The Monster he doth murder all he meetes,

He spareth none and none doth him escape:
Who would continue, who but onely *I*
In such a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I choose?
Ah silly soule, how oftentimes she sits
And sighs, and calls come Shepheard come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come set me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peasan) stands her by;
But heere she comes: what newes faire Lady.
As you walke these woods. *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And such as thou knowest.

Mu. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Am. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Mu. And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

Am. I like not him his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Lady, in this me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you best.

Am. Ah Hermite, *I* take no pleasure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Mu. Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady, sith we both
May safely talke now out of *Bremos* sight:
Vnfold to me, if so you please, the full discourse
How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloody Butchers hands.

Am. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) sure a man vnfit to match with you.

Am. Hermite, this is true: and when we had.

Mu. Stay there, the wilde man comes,
Referre the rest vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What secret tale is this? what whispering haue we here?
Villaine, *I* charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muc. If needs I must, lo heere it is againe.
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both, but specially thy Queene:
Who in thy absence euer feares the worst.
Least some mischance befall your royall Grace.

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander through the woods,
Toyle too and fro for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life and all to cheeriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwere was *I* had ſmall skill therein;
But glad ſome (mighty king) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo, none can miſ like of this;
I'le teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene beginne,
Here take this weapon ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Am. This is too bigge, I cannot weild it in my arme.

Bre. Is't ſo? we'le haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muc. With all my heart, *I* willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my ſtaffe and ſee how thou canſt weild it.

Muc. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand,

Bre. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou maiſt the ſooner learne.

Muc. Next tell how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.
'Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue,
'Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer it is time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt be ſure to hitte the head.

Muc. The Head?

Bre. The very head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerueſt worſe.

Am. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee,

Mu. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begunne,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loued a Shepheard.

Am. I ſo *I* doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Mu. But tell me Lady, ſith *I* ſet you free,

What

What course of life do you intend to take?

Am. I will disguised wander through the world.
Till *I* haue found him out.

Mu. How if you find your Shepheard in these VVoods?

Am. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepheard well?

Am. My *Mucedorus*: hath he set me free?

Mu. He hath set thee free.

Am. And I u'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Mu. Ay that's a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banisht from the Court.
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right through the thickets to the Wild-mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my councell and I like it best.

Am. I thinke the very same.

Mu. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth and falls ouer the Wild-man, and so carries him away

Clo. Nay soft sir, are you here? a bots on you:
I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:
Wee would borrow a certaine stray Kings Daughter of you?
A wench, a wench sir, we would haue.

Mu. A wench of me? I'le make thee eate my sword.

Clo. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty I'le call a cooling-card for you: O maister, Master, I come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. What's the matter?

Clo. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepheard: O braue.

Seg. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay that's a lie, I found her out my selfe,

Seg. Thou gadding hufwife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad.

When as thou knoweſt our wedding day ſo nie ?
Am. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your aſſurance, then *I*le anſwer you.
Seg. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.
Am. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Seg. 't reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Am. Not I.
Seg. And why ?
Am. So is my will, and therefore euen no.
Clo. Maiſter with anone, none ſo,
Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere ?
Muc. What needs theſe words ? we weigh them not.
Seg Wee weigh them not, proud Shepheard, I ſcorne thy (company.
Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy company.
Mu. *I* ſcorne not thee nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Seg. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.
Am. Then ſecke another that may you better pleaſe.
Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onely reſts in thee,
Without delay to make thy choyce of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, a ſecond here:
There ſtands the third: now make thy choyce.
Clo. A Lord at the leaſt *I* am.
Am. My choyce is made for *I* will none but thee.
Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for ſuch a wife.
Mu. And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me ?
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did;
I haue no lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure:
Drudge all day and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dayly victuall for to winne:
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all,
No Princeſſe then but a plaine Shedheards wife.
Clo. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepheard.
Am. It ſhall not need, if *Amadine* doe liue,

Clo. O Maister laugh: when he is a King, then Ile be a Queen.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my father's of *Valencia* King,
My mother Queene; who for thy sacred sake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good.

Seg. Well now *I* see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Mucedorus*, *I* as much doe ioy
To see thee heere within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart surrender her to thee.

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine I* haue.

Clo. What Barnes doore and borne where my father was Constable? a bots on thee how dost thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segasto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maister, beare this and beare all,

Seg. Why so sir?

Clo. He sayes you take a Goose by the Crowne.

Seg. Go to sir, away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts;
Glad him vp and tell him these good newes,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clo. I goe Maister, I run Maister. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds great sorrow to my soule,
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare those passions gentle King,
And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe assure me that,
And nought but death except of her I heare,
And that with speed, *I* cannot sigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe *I* heare within?

The cry within, Ioy and Happineſſe.

Col: I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſſing ioy,
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And heere comes one in haſt.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clo. O 'tis newes for a King, tis worth money.

Kin. Why ſirra thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it be good.

Clo. O 'tis good 'tis good *Amadine.*

Kin. O what of her, tell me, and *I* will make thee a Knight.

Clo. How, a Spright, no by Lady *I* will not be a Spright:
Maſter get you away, if *I* be a Spright I ſhall be ſo leane,
I ſhall make you all affraid.

Col. Then Sot the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clo. Why *I* ſhall want Parell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then ſtand away, ſtrike vp thy ſelfe, here they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus and Amadine.

Am. My gracious father pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?
Riſe vp Daughter, and let theſe imbracing armes
Shew ſome token of thy fathers ioy,
Which euer ſince thy departure hath languiſhed in ſorrow.

Am. Deere father neuer were your ſorrowes
Greater then my griefes:
Neuer you ſo deſolate as I comfortleſſe:
Yet neuertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe
To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees
I humbly craue your pardon.

King. *I*'le pardon thee (deere daughter) but as for him.

Am. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
Ile be reueng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Mu. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour,

King. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Mu. I doe deſerue the Daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! a Shepheard and ſo inſolent.

Mu.

Mu. No Shepheard *I*, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Mu. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguis'd?
Mu. No cause to feare, *I* caused no offence,
But this; desiring thy Daughters vertues for to see,
Disguis'd my selfe from out my Fathers Court.
Vnknowne to any in secret *I* did rest,
And passed many troubles, neere to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then shall I thinke my trauels all well spent.
King. With all my heart but this,
Segasto claimes my promise made tofore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre,
Segasto, may *I* craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*.
Seg. With all my heart, were it a far greater thing.
And what I may to furnish vp their rites.
With pleasing sports and pastime you shall see.
Kin. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this:
Mu. Thankes good my Lord and whilst *I* liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Am. Good *Segasto* these great curtesies,
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you Maister, bones what haue you done? what giuen away the wench you made mee take such paines for? you are wise indeed? Masse and *I* had knowne of that, I would haue had her my selfe: Faith Maister now wee may goe to breake-fast with a Woodcock-pie.
Seg. Goe sir, you were best to leaue this knauery.
Kin. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where wee may finish vp the ioyfullest day

That euer hapt to a distressed King:
Were but thy father the *Valencia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot.

A shout within, Enter Messenger.

What shout was that?

Mes. My Lord, the great Valencia King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your presence.

Mu. My father?

King. A. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier Planet neuer raignd then that,
Which gouerns at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runnes and imbraceth his sonne.

King V. Rise honour of mine Age, food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour so compeld by Nature,
That manners stood vnknowledged.

King A. What we haue to recite, would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feast;
To morrow the performance shall explane
What words conceale: till then Drums speake, Bells ring,
Giue plausiue welcomes to our Brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Enuy.

Com. How now *Enuy*; what, blushest thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt,
Although thou seem'st to crosse me with despight;
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy Blocks,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enu. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse:
Yet must *I* needs confesse thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this; yet canst thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the Conquest neither.

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.
Com. Enuy, spit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whose blood and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Cast natiue monsters in the moulds of men;
Case vicious Diuells vnder sancted robes;
Vnhaspe the wicket where all periures rooft,
And swarme this ball with Treasons, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not Hel-hound crosse my steare to night.
Nor blinde that glory where *I* wish delight.
Enu. I can, *I* will,
Com. Nefarious Hagge begin,
And let vs tugge till one the Maistry winne.
Enu. Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Commick merriment.
Com. Thy Policy wants grauity, thou art too weake:
Speake Fiend, as how?
Enu. Why thus:
From my foule study will I hoyst a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whose iawes swell to his eyes with chewing mallice;
And him *I*le make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpose?
Enu. This scrambling Rauen with his needy Beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious braines:
And euery other where place me a iest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment then blowes:
Then I my selfe (quicker then lightening)
Will flye me to the puissant Magistrate,
And waighting with a trencher at his back,
In midst of iollity rehearse those gaules,
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha,ha,ha, I laugh to heare thy folly
This is a trap for boyes, not men nor such,
Especially desertfull in their doings,
Whose staid descretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices;
But see, O see the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the VVest,
VVhere he perpetuall bide and euer shine,
As *Dauids* off-spring, in his happy Clime.
Stoope Enuy stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets begge our pardons on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enu. My power has lost her might, *Enuies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and Quake.*

Com. glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance, *Enui's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And wee'le endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your sences in a choycer straine.
Thus we commit you to the Armes of night,
VVhose spangled carcasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be blessed then,
VVho other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enu. Amen.

To Fame and honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.